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# SENSE AND INCENSE


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BY PRESENT ETONIANS



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## DEDICATION.

To H.M.

TRUE son of Eton, you who stand  
A guardian to her golden store,  
To guide her torch from hand to hand,  
In Peace a Happy Warrior.

You loved the glories which endure  
Of all those Grecian glories gone ;  
You loved the strong, the sane, the pure,  
And love the more to hand them on.

You saw the vision glorious  
And strove to bring that vision true,  
To have your Eton live in us,  
As all our Eton lives in you.

Seeing not only all the best,  
But thinking not a worse can be,  
And blest as only they are blest,  
Who dare the strength of trust to see.

We have not skill nor fame to boast :  
You are a poet ; you have known  
What first we sing we prize the most,  
So take this from us, for your own.

D. S. B.

## DEDICATION.

To H.M.

SINCE you gave us, sir, to know  
All the Muses' golden store,  
And a treasure rich did shew,  
Hidden from our souls before.

Since in long past days of peace  
You spread forth before our gaze  
Wonder-working things of Greece,  
Filling us with glad amaze.

We, in these hard days of war,  
Turn a little back our eyes  
For the things we loved before  
Still our anxious souls must prize.

We this little garland bring  
To your feet, and pray you "take,"  
Not for worth of that we sing,  
But for Mother Eton's sake.

C. J. S. S.

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## A DIRGE.

THOU art no longer here.  
No longer shall we see thy face,  
But, in that other place,  
Where may be heard  
The roar of the world rushing down the want-ways of  
the stars ;  
And the silver bars  
Of Heaven's gate  
Shine soft, and clear :  
Thou mayest wait.

No longer shall we see  
Thee walking in the crowded streets,  
But where the ocean of the Future beats  
Against the floodgates of the Present, swirling to this  
earth.  
Another birth  
Thou mayest have ;  
Another Arcady  
May thee receive.

Not here thou dost remain,  
Thou art gone far away,  
Where, at the portals of the day,  
The hours ever dance in ring, a silvern-footed throng,  
While Time looks on,  
And seraphs stand  
Choiring an endless strain  
On either hand.

Thou canst return no more ;  
Not as the happy time of spring  
Comes after winter burgeoning  
On wood and wold in folds of living green, for thou art  
dead.  
Our tears we shed  
In vain, for thou  
Dost pace another shore,  
Untroubled now.



## FOUNDER'S ODE.

O SCHOLAR SAINT, who wore fair England's crown,  
And found it wrought of thorn,  
O royal founder, come from Heaven down  
On this thy natal morn  
To tread these cloister courts, where thou shalt find  
Thou didst not live in vain.  
Not to no purpose did thy pious mind  
Design this fair domain.  
Not to no purpose was thy sinless life  
Liv'd amid clash of arms.  
A man of peace wast thou, for all thy strife  
And all dread war's alarms.  
Thy life to all a failure seemed, no ray  
From fickle fortune shone—  
Gone was thy Kingdom, vanish'd in a day,  
Thy royal power, gone.  
So in the gloomy Tower wert thou cast,  
And darksome was the night,  
And long and sad and weary to be passed  
. Until the morning light.  
The longest nights must have a dawn, and so  
At dawn thy spirit fled,  
And up beyond this weary world of woe,  
O happy to be dead!

For thou behind thee here didst leave on earth  
A monument sublime,  
A home of learning, happiness and mirth  
Untouched by hand of Time.  
This thy memorial better far than those  
Which other Kings did raise ;  
This thy memorial, England's reddest Rose,  
Thy glory and our praise.  
Thou hadst the treasure which by moth and rust  
Cannot corrupted be ;  
While others' tombstones crumble into dust  
We will remember thee.

## TWO SONNETS.

### I.

TO A. G. L.

BRIGHT flowers of a thousand hues I twin'd,  
Watered by tears, yest're'en above thy door.  
Tears are the fruit that Love in travail bore,  
Sighs in the heart and anguish in the mind.  
And as I twined I said, "The twilight nears ;  
Lose not your blossom, till the evening dies,  
And when She passes forth, fall in suchwise  
To damp her head with my fast-dropping tears."  
Tomorrow I return ; but if, at night  
I should behold thee with faint footstep light  
Mocking me with thy shadowiness in a dream,  
Drunk with false pleasure, I shall not return.  
No longer for the living shall I yearn ;  
My comfort be delights that only seem !

## II.

### TO A NIGHTINGALE.

THOU drink'st the fairy dew within the glade,  
Thou singest within the wood by night and day,  
With fluttering wings thou sing'st a roundelay,  
A woodland carol for thy pleasure made.  
For me, my songs are other songs than thine,  
Though I sing here, I sing in different wise ;  
My song I veil about with plaintive sighs,  
My soul with dropping tears I intertwine.  
Thou sing'st for a short space : I sing for long :  
The changing year re-echoes to my song.  
My lady holds me in harsh servitude,  
So, Philomel, or with my melody  
(If Passion move thee) sing in harmony,  
Or leave me lonely, weeping in the wood.

## A PICTURE.

SHE sat within the dappling shade  
That flickered o'er the forest glade,  
The listening birches shadows made.

In that still place there was no stir,  
About her fell the hair of her  
Heavy with aloes and with myrrh.

A golden chain her waist confined,  
Closed were her eyes, as she were blind.  
Her robe was all with crimson lined,

With twisted cords about the hem,  
Her wrists were twined with many a gem,  
Her neck was like a lily stem.

About her feet a dragon slept,  
His head upon her lap she kept  
And while she guarded it, she wept.

Blind, anguished tears went dropping down  
Upon the dragon's glassy crown,  
Upon the margent of her gown.

Tall columbines grew 'mid the grass,  
Between them shadow-mice did pass,  
With soundless feet, pass and repass.

And, over all, the silence lay :  
It seemed the evening of the day ;  
It seemed the hour when all men pray.

So sate she still, this prison'd maid,  
Within the lonely forest glade  
Sate tending well the dragon's head.

Was she alive, and is she dead ?

## TO CECILIA.

THY converse seems to me a garden close  
Where thick together spring  
The pallent lily and the wine-dark rose,  
And everything of fragrancy that grows,  
While argent voiced singers sing  
From every leaf-hung tree  
Carols of faint and perfum'd loveliness,  
Intwin'd with everliving mournfulness,  
In dappling greenery.

And so whene'er I speak with thee I seem  
So to be walking in some garden close,  
A happy, faint and fragrant waking dream  
Mix'd with the purling of a hidden stream  
Flowing along where purple iris grows.

## AFTER THE FRENCH OF ESTIENNE DE LA BOBTIE.

THE parching heat of the resplendent sun,  
Warming the whole earth with its golden ray,  
Has touched with gold the ripening ear of corn.  
But we have waited all to-day  
For the still freshness of the evening time,  
Margaret and I.

The sun has set, and now we wend our way  
At random through the rustling of the trees ;  
Before us Cupid strings his bow in play,  
And we two follow at our ease  
Through the great silence of the starlit night,  
Margaret and I.

We are at peace with all. We do not care  
For King or royal court or rushing town ;  
But if we tire of the fresh forest air,  
We seek the meadows low adown  
In the quiet valleys where the cowslips grow,  
Margaret and I.

O Médoc solitary, wild and free,  
Thou seemest ever perfect in my eyes ;  
Thou knowest all our present ills ; in thee  
We'll live under thy clear blue skies  
In peace, far distant from the world's wild waves,  
Margaret and I.



## FANCY.

I WALKED in the wood at evening  
When the dew was on every tree,  
And I saw in the darkness a lady  
Who looked from her casement on me.

And up to her tower of jacinth  
She drew me with eyes of flame :  
And I was as one who slumbers,  
And knew not the way I came.

But down through a rift in the tree-tops  
A splinter of moonlight shone,  
And I saw the eyes of that lady—  
I saw that her soul was gone.

## IN MEMORIAM.

A DULL grey sky that hangs above,  
A dull grey earth that sleeps beneath,  
A vast grey wall around, the clouds of death,  
Numbing my senses all. I cannot move :

My eyes are dim : and every sound  
Seems as the murmur of a far-off waterfall,  
That plunges down amid the sighing trees  
Unseen, unknown : and all around  
The deathly stillness of that gloomy pall,  
That every joyous thought doth grimly seize  
And crush within the grip of cold Despair,  
Which lowering broods upon the stagnant air.

Nought there to see, and nought to feel  
Save how the sword of misery  
Doth stab and stab again unceasingly :  
Nor aught the gaping wound can ever heal  
For he is gone, for he is dead.

He died for home and freedom, but he died, he died  
And we shall see his well-belovèd face

No more : no more the well-known tread  
Shall hear ; no more shall haply sit beside  
The crackling fire and listen for a space  
To that dear voice ; nor through the woods at eve  
Shall roam and every thought of sadness leave.

Shall we not mourn for one so dear ?  
O God of battles, God of love,  
Why dost Thou snatch to Thy bright realms above  
So swiftly those whose love we treasure here ?  
For all our love doth seem in vain,  
When it at last a dwelling place secure doth find,  
If straightway by the hand of cruel Death  
'Tis rudely crushed, and thrust away again.  
For though our strength doth fade, our eyes grow blind,  
The ghost of murdered love will ever breathe  
His whispered words of sorrow in the heart,  
Nor suffer sad sweet memory to part.

## THOUGHTS.

O THOUGHTS, vain thoughts that ever wayward fly,  
Nor pause before the hallowed ground ye tread,  
But enter in to chase some vision dread  
Of wondrous loveliness : yet bye and bye  
Ye must return to this poor world, and fall, and die.  
Then only for a space : ye flee  
Once more, when sweetest harmony  
Floats on the air : once more your course is sped :  
Or when the scent of summer flowers  
With fragrance fills the sunlit bowers  
With roses decked, and marigold,  
That nestle 'neath the spreading beeches old.

## LINES ON HEARING BEETHOVEN'S "MOONLIGHT" SONATA.

I stood upon the heaven-aspiring height  
Of an aerial mountain, that had piled  
Its massive bluffs and precipices wild  
Into one towering peak: the waning light  
Dimly revealed in deathlike sleep,  
The rolling spurs below enrapt, and valleys deep.

Above me the vast clouds did slowly float  
In still array majestically gliding,  
Through which the radiant moon her course was  
guiding  
Onward from rift to rift, as one lone boat  
The long, long ocean swell doth breast,  
While the red sun sinks slow adown the fiery West.

And as I gazed upon that awful scene,  
Deep wondrous thoughts within my heart grew fast,  
As if the mighty clouds therein had cast  
Their shadows dim: so heaven and earth between  
My spirit fluttered, and was filled  
With strange and lovely joy, that all my being thrilled.

Yet soon my thoughts came back to me once more ;  
And with a sigh I rose, and turned away  
Down to the wooded slopes, that seemed to say,  
“ Return, return ; thy heavenly dream is o’er.”  
And so with light steps I descended,  
Happy, yet sad for that the glorious hour was ended.

And now the stars shone brighter : from the woods  
Astir with all their nightly revelry  
A myriad murmurs rose enchantingly :  
The last sweet fragrance stole from closing buds ;  
And all who through the drowsy day  
Had slept, came out beneath the cold bright moon to play.

So wonderingly I passed adown the hill,  
When suddenly reechoed through the night  
A peal of thunder, and the craggy height,  
Which late had been so calm, and clear, and still,  
Turning I saw all darkly clouded  
And in a curtain black of grey whirling mists enshrouded.

And here and there amid the gathering storm  
The black and frowning crags stood grimly forth ;  
And the wind shrieked in fierce and furious wrath,  
While lightnings dazzling paths of fire did form.  
So the great tempest raged, and passed :  
And through the thundering chasms at the last  
Rolled muttering o’er the hills one long, low dying blast.

### TO R. W., 1915.

HIGH over a wooded valley,  
And over a river fair,  
Where childhood reigned unquestioned,  
God's peace lay there.

In his soul in early manhood,  
Before he received his share  
Of his dear country's burden,  
God's peace lay there.

In the land wherein he lieth,  
Free from sorrow and from care,  
'Neath Nature's verdant mantle:  
God's peace lies there!

## DEATH.

O Death, thou uninvited guest,  
Yet best belov'd of those whose quest  
Is God's own peace and perfect rest—  
Why fear thee ?



## ON AN EARLY MORNING FUNERAL IN AMIENS CATHEDRAL.

IN the morning white they paced,  
    Bearing forth that holy thing,  
'Neath the columns interlaced  
    Of the high Cathedral nave :  
While the solemn priests did sing,  
    And their music, wave on wave,  
Beat against the emblazoning  
    Of the vast concave.

Forth into the snowy way  
    Fragrant with the mist of night,  
By the timid primal ray  
    That sad burthen they have borne :  
And the glimmering tapers' light  
    Battles with the infant morn,  
But the burthen seems more white  
    Than the white of dawn.

## BEGGARS IN LYONESSE.

### I.

THE beauty of spring lilies  
Is fine and white and gold ;  
Waving daffodilies  
Have been sung of old ;  
Blood and snow of roses  
Anyone can praise,  
Or poppy that uncloses  
In the sun's hot rays.

Be the waving glory  
Of thy tresses bright  
This poor singer's story,  
And the virgin white  
Of thy bosom's heaving :  
But thy lips and eyes  
They are past believing—  
They are God's first lies.

## II.

GOD has not given me  
Music to charm men's ears,  
I cannot offer thee  
Ten thousand deathless years.  
Not on my wings of song  
Down the great Future stream  
Shalt thou be borne along,  
Idle is all my dream.

Thou on great eagle's wing  
Wingest thy way through time ;  
All that all poets sing  
Is thine uplifting rhyme.  
Poor thief, from their bright gold  
I steal to crown thy head :  
Oh, rapture all untold  
So to be garlanded.

God upon thee did shower  
Bounteous, so rare a prize  
That it were in thy power  
Me to immortalize.  
Thou hast no need of more :  
Would he had given me  
Out of his golden store  
Something to offer thee.

## LE SUICIDE.

O FOREST-BROWNE, blue water-pool  
And glade scarce lit by sun :  
Ye have bewitched a wandering fool,  
Sore evil have ye done.

Distraught he wandered seeking grace  
From God in Heaven : but ye  
Did snatch him to your hiding-place  
And stole his soul from me.

Ye sent him forth at eventide  
Nor man nor half a man,  
Save in the fleshly form outside  
His soul was 'neath God's ban.

Ye thrust him forth, ye bade him, " Walk  
In freedom through the earth."  
And lo ! a living grave I stalk,  
Awaiting my new birth.

For death alone my cruel pangs  
(Death is new birth) can heal.  
In life is godless weariness,  
In death is god-sent weal.

O forest-browne, blue water-pool,  
O glade that 'scap'st the sun,  
Ye have betrayed a wandering fool,  
Foul murder have ye done.

## LINES.

WITHIN my narrow bed I lie,  
And watch the hours go swiftly by  
Reflected in a patch of sky.

At early morn it is a chink  
Of softest delicatest pink,  
Wherein cloud wavelets heave and sink.

At the third hour a gentle blue  
Delicious, moist with morning dew  
Tells me the world's awake anew.

But cruel noon with heartless glare  
Kills all the freshness in the air  
And coves my gaze with angry stare.

Then as the hours press on, it seems  
The wind is fraught with wistful dreams;  
Flow through the air voluptuous streams,

Scenting the earth, then pumped West  
Marshals her royal lord to rest,  
And lays his head in her soft breast.

Warmth dies. The sanctuary light  
Flickers and fades before the night.  
The world is curtained from my sight.

## THE HOMECOMING.

FROM the depth of the dreamy vale, from the height of  
the topmost mount,  
Swift as leaves in the gale, numberless (who could count ?)  
A thousand thousand shades o'er the starlight country  
glide,  
As the lampèd evening fades, and day is stripped of his  
pride.

Ask of them whither they go, ask of them whence are they  
bound,  
Never a glance will show, never an answering sound ;  
Only a passing breeze will echo a voice full low  
In and among the trees, " Homewards ever we go."

## THE HOMECOMING:

### A Second interpretation.

SEE ! across the angry sky  
How God's messenger doth fly,  
Michael with the sword of flame ;  
(Christ preserve our souls from shame !)

How the firmament is red :  
Restless seas give up their dead :  
Corse uplifts his withered frame :  
(Christ preserve our souls from shame !)

This the day of awful fame :  
(Christ preserve our souls from shame !)  
Speak, O dweller on the Throne,  
Is our home Thine own, Thine own ?

## IN MEMORIAM.

WHEN Christ took flesh and blood, and in them wrapped  
The glory of His high Divinity,  
And, from His place within the Trinity,  
Came to a world in sinful meshes trapped

And cut them loose, men gave Him then a crown  
Wrought of rich thorns, yet so He loved it well,  
Dear symbol of His victory over Hell  
For which alone to earth He was come down.

And later He ascended ; still mankind  
Thought it was right that they should wreath His  
brow  
With a bright circlet : yet not thorny now  
They wrought it, but from out its gold-work shined

Diamond and pearl, sapphire and sardonyx,  
Jacinth and opal, glimmering emerald  
Set in massed gold, gems without taint or fault.  
“ What circlet this or who therein did fix



So wondrous gems, such wealth of yellow gold ? ”  
The Spirit saith : “ O loved of Christ, this crown  
Is His dear Church ; these gems of high renown,  
Which thy dull eyes of earth can scarce behold,

His saints in glory : She whom thou dost seek,  
Though new her place, yet brightly here doth gleam.  
Bend low thy knees in worship : else the theme  
Too high shall be : Worship or dare not speak.”

## LITERARY FANCIES.

### ONE.

O, I WOULD have a ballad old,  
With my love mured up in a baron's hold,  
And I so gay to steal her away,  
And crown her my queen with a crown of gold,  
And merry men singing a roundelay.

### TWO.

O, I WOULD have some rhymster's feat  
With many a play and a quaint conceit,  
And I so fine to pass round the wine  
With a jest so pat and a quip so neat,  
Till all should swear there be none like mine.

### THREE.

O, I WOULD have a playbook rare  
And none of your rhymes and your coarser fare,  
But sitting alone in state on my throne,  
To hold my court, and rule with care,  
And have all Christendom for my own.

### FOUR.

O, I WOULD have a fairy tale  
And queen it all in a shady vale.  
And I myself, with a page-boy elf,  
To witch the wicked and turn them pale  
And richen the poor with their ill-gained pelf.

## SUMMER.

I SAW Summer dancing in the sunlight,  
And the little breezes laughing in her hair ;  
Tall as a goddess with the scent of flowers  
Straying all around her—O, but she was fair !

Slender her neck was, and white as any lily,  
Ruddy her lips were, and fit to shame a rose ;  
And all the glory, and the joy of living,  
Laughed in the grace that only summer knows.

Then there came Autumn sombrely apparelled,  
Chasing the golden Summer from her play ;  
Now all is dreary, and my world is darkened,  
Summer, Summer dearest, since thou'rt fled away.

## MY HOME.

THE house that I'd have would be in the hollow  
That made a dimple on some mountain's cheek,  
Where, up above me, racing winds would follow  
Winds, in a boist'rous game of hide-and-seek.

There'd be my home, and fir trees would surround it,  
Standing on guard there, black, and bleak, and bare;  
There'd be a garden, and a wall around it,  
And all my favourite flowers would be there.

There would I live, as far from the commotion  
Of city life, and of the crowded street,  
As I should be in desert or mid-ocean,  
Nor heed the noise of ever-hurrying feet.

## REQUIESCAM.

LET me lie in peace at last,  
When the whirl of life is past,  
On Thy mercy, Lord, be cast :  
For this I pray.

More than this I do not crave,  
Nor a place among the brave,  
But at night to find my grave  
Until the Day.

**NEC QUAE PRAETERIT, HORA  
REDIRE POTEST.**

YET another day is past,  
Darkness comes again ;  
Grant it may not be my last :  
It was spent in vain.

## BEATUS ILLE.

A LITTLE garden in a town :  
A pergola which shivers  
When the trains go by :  
A spacious park whose lawns slope down  
To views of silent rivers  
Or of hillsides high.

Happy may be the lord  
Who on his terrace seat reposes :  
But blind and wretched if he mocks,  
As he gazes on his lands so broad,  
At a quarter-acre full of roses  
And August holly-hocks.

## THE PRISONER.

BLIND are my eyes that darkness grope,  
And deaf the ears I strain to hear,  
And every step without, a hope,  
And every little noise a fear,  
And yet she cannot but be near.

Light will she come, who nothing fears,  
But they with heavy tread, and slow,  
And every voice without is hers,  
And every step, the step I know,  
Ah God ! if it should not be so !

I feel the clammy wall, and dank,  
I feel the chains ; my wrists are bound ;  
I dare not move me lest they clank,  
And senseless terror clings me round,  
I clutch my senses lest thy swoond.

I feel the sun is sinking low :  
O day, that I have never seen,  
You fade without. She cannot know,  
'Tis best that she live on, a queen,  
Careless as I had never been.



## **LIFE.**

LIFE is a picture-book of many pages,  
And on each page there is a picture set  
By different actors played on different stages  
Scenes worthy to remember or forget.

There is a single figure running through it,  
With just your face, the servant of your brain :  
'Tis yours to guide ; be careful how you do it :  
You cannot read the book of life again.

## VALE.

O MOTHER, I go forth to see  
The old things of the world, and new,  
And all that you have made of me,  
And all that I have made of you  
I take to prove my fealty,  
And pay you honour due.

You are immortal as your sons  
Immortal are; they owed to you  
The seed of higher things that once  
You sowed in soil so new,  
A tale that he may read, who runs,  
Of all they found to do.

What though my labour feeble seems  
In thee: forth go I, to make known,  
If falsely fair my future gleams.  
And all those hopes were hopes alone,  
And all those dreams were only dreams,  
Which first you gave me for my own.

You, that have cast your lot in me,  
And me upon the waters face,  
If aught I own of loyalty,  
Shall find me after many days,  
Striving with all my best to be  
Worthy of all your love and grace.





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